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IN FOOTBALL TIME

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CLEAR across our three thousand miles of Canadian territory the oval pigskin is being pursued by thousands of young men. In Great Britain the Association code gets the crowds. Nearly a hundred and fifty thousand was the attendance at the professional league final at the Crystal Palace grounds in London a year ago. But on this side of the water, both in Canada and the United States, the games based on the Rugby code draw the crowds. Association football has its devotees—most of them English immigrants. In Fall River, Mass., where the great cotton mills are full of former Englishmen and Scotsmen who were imported by the American manufacturers because of their knowledge of the business acquired in Lancashire, is played perhaps the best Association football in North America. But when the average Canadian or American in these edgy Fall days says that he is going out to the football game you may bet your taxi fare that he refers to the Rugby game. Association has no charms for him. Which, of course, proves nothing, but that in football, as in everything else, tastes differ.

The rapid rise of our own variety of Rugby football to popularity is the best proof that it is a game eminently suited to Canadians, whether they manhandle each other on the field or perform assaults on the welkin as they sit in the grand stand swathed in railway rugs. And yet it is less than twenty years since the first attempt was made to charge gate money at Canadian Rugby games. Before that the men who played put up their own travelling and hotel expenses, and bought their own uniforms. If there was enough money in the club treasury derived from non-playing members' fees to help out, so much the better. But that seldom happened.

Veteran lacrosse men were the strongest opponents of the proposal to charge gate money. They argued that the people did not know football; that all the loose change had been spent on lacrosse, and that the football men were really making arrangements to get themselves into debt.

The lacrosse men guessed wrong. Men who had never seen the game before became enthusiasts, and within the first two years thousand-dollar gates—at a quarter a head—became common in Montreal and Toronto. The people had caught on. Since then Rugby football has become the recognised Fall sport in Canada. Game for game, it draws bigger crowds than lacrosse. The eight big clubs in Central Canada—the four College teams of the Intercollegiate Union and the four city fourteens of the Interprovincial League—have receipts running away up into the thousands of dollars every year; and expenses that come pretty nearly as high—sometimes higher. Perhaps a little too much money is made and spent. It does not look well for amateurism when crack players announce in the most business-like manner that they will play with such-and-such a team if the executive will get them good positions—salary, presumably, considerable of an object; work, not quite so much in that direction. That way professionalism lies, sure. From the condition of affairs where a star half-back gets a well-paid job, with nominal duties, in a new town, to the system under which the same man, and others of his kidney, demand and get the cold cash, is only a short stride. It must not be understood that the Colleges go in for any such doubtful tactics. The Collegians are Simon Pure amateurs. The honourable traditions of Ottawa College, Queen's, Toronto and McGill are such that in two of them at least, men who desired to enter college with the main object of playing football were turned down hard. The heads of the Intercollegiate Union have no use for veiled professionalism—and they are the men who are turning out the citizens of to-morrow.

The salaried coach is a comparatively new arrival. When clubs have overflowing treasuries or rich and enthusiastic friends who can always be

depended upon for a cheque for a few hundreds "to help out," the coach who does not draw at least fifty dollars a week is very moderate in his demands. Being a paid man, and anxious to give his employers good value, he strains every effort to secure a winning team. Moreover, he probably has an eye to future engagements. Here we may see the reason of certain recent changes in club allegiance. It cannot be called good sportsmanship, but from the coach's standpoint there is nothing to condemn. He has to make good or lose his reputation. And, as you will remember, the late Lord Byron remarked that fame is to be found dead in a ditch or to be a football coach who has spent bundles of his club's money without producing winners. It is a condition of things that needs to be, and will be, remedied.

The purely Canadian game is played only in Central Canada—including Winnipeg, which comes rightly under this geographical description. On both coasts the old-fashioned English Rugby game, elsewhere discarded, is played. Nova Scotia's colleges and the Halifax Athletic Club have all excellent fifteens. Many of the clubmen learned the

POPULAR FALL SPORT



Steeplechasing at the Toronto Hunt Club's Gymkhana.

game in England and are towers of strength to the team. In Vancouver and Victoria the fifteens are said to be excellent. Last winter they visited California and beat Leland Stanford and California universities. These latter institutions, with the University of Nevada, have abandoned the American college code, with its dull brutalities, in favour of the English rules. They seem to have taken kindly to the new system.

In Prairieland both the Canadian and English rules are followed. Canadians from the east have brought their game with them. The conservative Englishmen stick to their own code. It is not often that a player of one game will switch to the other. In Winnipeg, though, where both codes are followed, there was a red-hot struggle at the close of last season. The Englishmen challenged the Canadians to play a game under our rules. The Canadians accepted and walloped the gentlemen from over the water to a fare-you-well. It was alleged that the Canadians had had the discourtesy to train hard for the event. The hope is that the charge was true. When Canadians stop playing games to win they will deserve a place in the back number class. It has been said by some very superior critics who

have visited us that Canadians are "too anxious to win" in their athletic sports. So long as they play fairly—they can not be too anxious to win. No athlete who is worth his salt is not glad to be victor or is not sorry when he is beaten. The charge that Canadians play rough football is true. But football is not a game for ladies' schools or for the philosophical societies. It is regrettable that the probability is that it will never be combined with afternoon tea after the manner of cricket nowadays. Our friends in New Zealand and South Africa seem to have much the same ideas about the desirability of winning as we Canadians have the shamelessness to possess.

Canadian club trainers make their men train, and train hard. They do not smoke cigarettes between periods. They do not smoke at all. If they do not care to play the game in every sense, off the team for theirs. There are others who can take their places.

Although the game is deservedly popular from east to west, it is in Ontario that it has the greatest number of admirers. This, of course, is purely on account of the denser population. The cities included in the Big Four—Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton—total more than a million population. The men and women are there to pay for admission tickets, and tickets bring the money that makes the wheels go round. Last Saturday both townsmen and collegians began to maltreat the pigskin in the championship series. With the exception of Argonauts' smothering defeat by Montreal by a two and a half to one score, nothing remarkable happened. Varsity, last year's Canadian champions, played what was a virtual tie with McGill, and game Ottawa College went down to defeat at the hands and feet of Queen's. Honour to whom honour is due. With the smallest student-body to pick from, Ottawa College has more championships to her credit than any other club in Canada. And take it from a back number player, Ottawa College in the past twenty-five years has won more games in the last fifteen minutes than all the others put together. And it was the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Fallon, Bishop of London, who showed them how.

The rules are practically unchanged. The most important alteration provides that substitutes may be employed in the first half. Afterward, if a player is injured, the opposing side must drop a man unless the captains have otherwise agreed.

Automobile Tests

AUTOMOBILE racing is as foolish as it is criminal. No one doubts the ability of an automobile to go faster than a horse. To sacrifice human life in the wanton manner in which it was done at the Vanderbilt Cup races is to bring automobiling as a sport into disrepute. There is some sport in horse-racing, although the scientific results may be no greater than in auto racing. Horse-racing has the advantage of being less dangerous to the participants and not at all dangerous to the spectators.

A few days ago Winnipeg had an auto race designed to show the endurance qualities of the various machines. Speed did not count except that there was a time limit. Accidents and stoppages and any technical defects in the machine after the race brought down the score. The course was 139 miles, Winnipeg to Carman, to Rowland, to Morris, to Winnipeg. The winning machine, a McLaughlin-Buick, took five hours and forty minutes to cover the course, an average of thirty miles an hour. A Ford car was second, losing six points on its road score, but having a perfect technical score. A Maytag was third, an Oldsmobile fourth, and Mrs. Nicholson's Packard fifth. Mrs. Nicholson won in 1908 and 1909.

This Winnipeg idea of an auto race should satisfy all legitimate desires for pre-eminence in auto driving. It submits the machines to a useful test and gives the driver plenty of opportunity to display his skill. It is neither dangerous nor murderous.